



Charlotte Mason's House of Education,
Scale How, Ambleside, UK, 2009

The **Charlotte Mason Digital Collection** is a not-for-profit database created in 2009-2011 to assist scholars, researchers, educators and students to discover, use, and build upon the Charlotte Mason Collection of archives, journals and books housed in the Armitt Library & Museum (UK). To learn more about this database or to search the digital collection, go to [The Charlotte Mason Digital Collection](#).

Your use of images from the **Charlotte Mason Digital Collection** is subject to a [License](#). To publish images for commercial purposes, a license fee must be submitted and permission received prior to publication. To publish or present images for non-profit purposes, the owner, Redeemer University College, must be notified at cmdc@redeemer.ca and submission of a copy of the context in which it was used also must be submitted to the owner at cmdc@redeemer.ca. Credit lines, as specified in the [License](#), must accompany both the commercial and non-profit use of each image.

Unless you have obtained prior permission, you may not download an entire issue of a journal nor may you make multiple copies of any of the digital images. Higher resolution images are available. [Low resolution (150 dpi), single copy printing is permitted: High resolution images for publication can be purchased. Please contact Redeemer University College in writing as specified in the [License](#) to request high resolution images.

While the document originals are housed in the Armitt Library & Museum, Redeemer University College owns the rights to the Digital Images (in jpg/pdf format) of the original archival documents and artifacts. The original Digital Images and database metadata are owned and maintained by Redeemer University College. Multiple images are bound together in PDF Packages. Click [here](#) to download the latest version of Adobe Reader for better viewing. In the PDF, click an image thumbnail to view it.

This project was made possible through collaboration among the [Armitt Library & Museum](#) (Ambleside, UK), [Redeemer University College](#) (Ancaster, Canada) and the [University of Cumbria](#) (UK) and with the financial assistance of the [Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council of Canada](#).

Need help? If you do **not** see a side-bar with image thumbnails:

Some of the PDF packages are large and will take some time to download. A very large PDF package may open more successfully if you download it first to your desktop. (From inside the database record, right-click on the link to the PDF package and save the link to your desktop.) Once it's on your desktop, you can open it up with a recent version of [Adobe Reader](#).

If you have a Macintosh with Safari, the default program to open PDFs is Preview, which does not open the PDF packets. Mac users need to download [Adobe Reader](#). If this cover page appears without a list of PDF files (either at the side or bottom of the screen), look for a paper clip or a menu option to view attachments. If you click that, you should see a list of the pages in the PDF package.

Viewing files with Linux: This works with the default PDF viewer that comes pre-installed with Ubuntu. While viewing this cover page in the PDF viewer, click "View" on the top toolbar, and check the box that says "Side Panel". That will bring up the side panel. The side panel will show only this cover page. Click the 'arrow' at the top of the side panel, and it will give you the option to view "attachments." If you click that, you should see a list of PDF files, which are the pages in the PDF package.

The student laughed and said: "I will take care of your education," and gave him a volume of poetry. Heiner hid his treasure, and could scarcely wait till his time with the watchmaker was over to read it; and read till he was nearly frozen late into the night. Until so far he had only known hymns and songs which can be sung, and had no suspicion that there were any other songs; but now he had a great many to read all at once. Soon he brought the book back to the student and asked him, "if those were all that there were?" Whereupon he laughed heartily, and said: "Why, Huber, how stupid you are!" on which Heiner replied quite coolly: "There must be some such people." So he read on and looked forward with delight to Sunday, when he would have nothing to do but read. Although he did not understand all in the poems, yet he noticed a great deal which was quite different to that which his godfather had taught him.

When the quarter came round again, he packed up his book and took it with his linen, and arrived much later than usual, as he often stopped to read. And yet the shutter was thrown back as usual, and the old greeting sounded: "Good-night, Heinerle; Heinerle, good-night." And it often mingled strangely with his poetry, yet was pleasant to hear. To his mother, who was still in mourning, he related everything he had heard and read since his last visit. When she heard him talk so, her face was clouded as with a dark shadow, and she began to weep. And Heinerle thought she was weeping on account of the beautiful poetry, some of which he had learnt by heart and repeated; and yet she was weeping from quite another cause.

"Heiner," said she, "do you still love me as much as ever?"

"Yes, mother," replied he; "that you can believe of me. How should I not love you?"

"Heiner, do you go to church on Sunday, and do you still pray?"

Then Heiner flushed up, and was silent for a short time.

But then he said: "Mother, the gentlemen told me that it is not fitting for an artist to go to church; they have a religion of their own, and need no parson. But I do pray still."

(To be continued.)

BOOKS.

"En hoexkens ende boexkens."

Lyra Heroica: a Book of Verse for Boys. By William Ernest Henley. (David Nutt, Strand, London).—Mr. Henley has done us a real service. We cry out for books of ethics to aid us in building up the characters of our children, but heroism is morality at a white heat, so to say; given, your hero, and his morals will take care of themselves. Does the reader object,—Marlborough, Napoleon, and a host of others, great in action but not *sans reproche*? The answer is obvious: *being* goes to the making of a hero fully as much as *doing*, and a man is a hero on an occasion, or a hero all his life long, only in so far as he himself lives up to the greatness of the part he plays. Who would not be a hero? Certainly every little boy with a big heart chooses that and nothing else, and every little girl too; and here is the first fault we find with Mr. Henley's book—girls are every whit as heroic as boys, and we must beg a place for them in the dedication of the next edition. But let that pass; the children want to be heroes, we desire them to be heroes, and what we want is to fire them with the examples of ideal heroes, said or sung; sung, by all means, if we can get it. The extraordinary thing is that we have waited so long for a *Lyra Heroica*. Mr. Henley's motto is suggestive:

"Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

And we are entirely in sympathy with his object as set forth in his preface: "To set forth, as only art can, the beauty and the joy of living, the beauty and the blessedness of death, the glory of battle and adventure, the nobility of devotion to a cause, an ideal—a passion even; the dignity of resistance, the sacred quality of patriotism, that is my ambition here."

The volume has one especially pleasant quality: its arrangement and its contents are, on the whole, unexpected. You are inclined to rebel, at first, to find authors of the non-heroic mould drawn upon largely, and poems which at the first reading you do not find heroic—in the sense of recording an heroic action, that is to say—but you change your mind before you have made it up. The pieces which are not after your pattern leave a sort of tingling of the blood on the reading of them which convinces you that you

were wrong, and that these, as well as the rest, have the stimulating and inspiring quality we should ourselves demand for the Lyra. *The Birkenhead*, *The Death of Sohrab*, *Hervé Riel*, *The Heavy Brigade*, Walt Whitman's *Sea Fight*, Macaulay's *Horatius*, Whittier's *Barbara*, are poems we expect to find, but it is a more delicate discrimination of the scope of heroism which gives us *Lycidas*, Swinburne's *Oblation*, Stevenson's *Mother and Son*, Beeching's *Prayer*. We cannot forbear to quote the last-named; it may be new to some of our readers, as it is to ourselves:

"God who created me
Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim;
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him:
Take the thanks of a boy.

"Jesu, King and Lord,
Whose are my foes to fight,
Gird me with Thy sword,
Swift, and sharp, and bright;
Thee would I serve if I might,
And conquer, if I can,
From day-dawn till night:
Take the strength of a man.

"Spirit of Love and Truth,
Breathing in grosser clay
The light and flame of youth,
Delight of men in the fray,
Wisdom in strength's decay,
From pain, strife, wrong to be free,
This best gift I pray:
Take my spirit to thee.

Here is a hymn to find a boy whom all the hymns in the hymn-book fail to reach.

The Editor strikes the right note when he touches on the "elemental emotions" (to quote a phrase from the preface) from the simulation of which all noble actions and all heroic endurance take their rise. We cordially recommend Mr. Henley's volume to all mothers. They will find here delightful readings for the "Children's Hour."

THE "P.R." LETTER BAG.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of correspondents.]

DEAR EDITOR,—It is so difficult to find a punishment exactly to fit a misdeed, and seeming to be the *natural result of it*. The following seemed to me to be one of those "happy thoughts" that I should be glad more often to have, and I relate it in case it should help other mothers.

My little girl of three and a half began one day to call me ugly names. It was a new offence, and for a moment I was perplexed what method to use to stop its recurrence. Suddenly, as an inspiration almost, came to me. a story I had heard of a drummer-boy in the United States army, whose colonel, hearing him use foul language, made him rinse his mouth with soap-suds. I said, in a very regretful voice, "My baby, when you make your little hands dirty, what do you have to do? *You have to wash them*: now these naughty words to mother have made your mouth so dirty that *it has to be washed clean*. I am very sorry, but we must get some soap and water, and *we* must wash it." And we did!

E. V.

DEAR EDITOR,—Miss Youman's book on Botany is excellent; but perhaps M. A. R. might find Anne Pratt's book, *Wild Flowers* (two vols.), more suitable for her purpose. Miss Pratt has also written, *Haunts of the Wild Flowers* (2s.; Geo. Routledge & Sons).

Mr. J. T. Burges has written a very nice little book on *Old English Wild Flowers*, price 1s., published by F. Warne & Co. These all give the simple old-fashioned names.

I have heard of many useful books through the PARENTS' REVIEW, and should be glad to mention any which may not be well enough known. *The Children's Sunday Hour* and *Sunday Evenings with my Children*, by the Rev. B. Waugh, are both books I can heartily recommend as useful, and are much liked by children of all ages.

J. P.